

'Sweet words' by Jan Keough © 2009

It is the sweet words  
stirred like sugar in the cup  
that brews a friendship.

**Sweet words**



'Haiku # 36' by Bob Muir © 2009

In my sitting place  
cares will fall like autumn leaves  
when I sip my tea

**Haiku #36**



**Sips**

My tea amigos  
sip their delicacies  
without haste.  
Their pace laced  
with caffeine or not.  
They linger, they twirl,  
they flavor their world  
with honey.

Coffee conspirators  
want mugs that handle  
every degree of need -  
am or pm,  
Starbucks bold or Dunkin mild;  
They steep themselves  
in brewed wisdom -  
with hopes to unwind.

'Sips' by O.R. Gami © 2009

'Cool Bean' by Louise Giguere © 2009

Etched, fetching  
seafaring vessel  
Perked up tizzy  
Razz ma tazz dizzy  
An old tin lizzy,  
Let it fizz, so hip,  
Jazzed up java, fresh brew,  
Liquid lava, cappuccin syrup  
Espresso, latte, decaf blends  
In a clay-fired mug, demitasse cup,  
For the java, lava coffee crew  
Together we sip, my friends.

**Cool Bean**

**A Cup of Origami**



Poems by

Mary Mueller • Kim M. Baker  
Lauri Burke • James R. Rosenberg  
Louise Giguere • Bob Muir  
Jan Keough • O.R. Gami

*Java Madness reading 7/12/09*

[www.origamipoems.com](http://www.origamipoems.com)

**Origami Poetry Project™**

Mass Pike Coffee  
by James B. Rosenberg © 2009

Lavazza  
Italy's favorite  
Breath of espresso  
Breath of Rome  
City of stones  
Stepping from past into future  
From future into past  
Through languid sips  
Of Eternity Now.  
Dark brown brew  
Nurturing moist loam  
Explosion of taste  
To remember tomorrow.

**Mass Pike Coffee:**  
May 19, 2008, 1:30 P.M.

**Cappuccino**

Steamed peaks  
float like meringue  
in the swimming pool cup  
that warms my hands.  
Ready to dive  
nose first  
into roasted mist,  
I pause and sip.  
Alchemy of capuchin –  
elixir of bliss.



'Cappuccino' by Mary Mueller © 2009

'John' Joe' by Lauri Burke © 2009

Coffee's the bad boy of beverages  
hanging around every urban corner  
shouting out with aromatic fervor  
bewitching promises of hot leverage.  
Joe will prop a girl up when she's low  
set blood soaring to race in sluggish veins  
excite florid thoughts of unleashing reins  
to burrow in arms of chemical flow.  
Who cares if Java's a fickle lover  
driving a gal to town he won't take home,  
yes, you'll limp in spent and round-heeled later  
no, Joe won't call or pick up the phone  
but when you were with him, didn't thoughts  
in same blind ecstasy that births a poem?  
shudder

**'John' Joe**

**12-Step Verse**

She sat next to me, stoked  
on caffeine and cinquains,  
compressing her life philosophies  
into jazzed up lines of five.  
She passed me a pen and said, "Hit?"  
"Me? No. I'm off the ink.  
It ruined my life. My muse left me.  
Now? AA. Alliterations Anonymous."  
But as she spoke, I craved a toke  
off that stoked poetry,  
a cuppa that coffeehouse java sonnet.  
I don't need fourteen lines! Just one  
clever couplet and I'm outta here.  
*Hi, my name is Will and I'm a po-slut!*

'12-Step Verse' by Kim M. Baker © 2009